



# **Jurassic 5 Lyrics**

## **"How We Get Along"**

Yeah, I'm maintaining with Jurassic 5  
You know what I'm sayin'  
My people's up in here, Biggie B, One Love

What we're about to do and show you is how we get along  
We get along with eye contact  
We also get along by listenin' to one another  
Not only that but we also get along because of rhythms  
That we've learned during the course of the years

But above all, there is harmony because we got to listen to one another  
It's all about feeling  
But with a positive attitude to make it work  
And what we're about to show you today  
Is FIVE different versions of feeling good, yeaahh

B-Boyd and B-Girls  
Jurassic 5!

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "The Influence"

*[Zaakir]*

Yo, I create off drum drops and ate away blacktops  
Grab the mic so you don't react  
The double X Polo shirt with the hat to match  
In fact, we verbally vibrate your track

*[Marc 7even]*

Then crush your confidence like plastic condiments  
Build you up to break you down like forgotten monuments  
The question is this: will they return with the hot shit?  
Or keep it on the low flow

*[Charli 2na]*

Yo, and for you confused bastards, Tuna the blues master  
Quick to grib the mic, crews fast and soundclashing  
Critical mass, pinnacle blast have been deflected  
Hypodermic vocals I flash get you infected

*[Akil]*

I don't sip on brew, so this Bud's for you  
Speak when spoken to whenever you come through  
My vibes fill you, Internal Revenue  
You rhyme prostitute for little or no loot

*[Jurassic 5]*

Cause a lotta these kids think that commercial  
Is rocking fly suits and jewelry  
But we can rock shows with no rehearsal  
With the Rebels of Rhythm and Unity

*[Zaakir]*

Yeah, cause I'm nice, smooth, hard as a bone  
Since I pick up the microphone I'm hotter than brimstone  
The razor sharp crossbow accurate  
We drop the multiverbal miligram suppliment

*[Akil]*

Plus in bed, theological word advance  
Been Too Legit To Quit before the Hammer pants  
The parent to the pen converts words to song  
Stay blacker than the New Year Harlem Renaissance

*[Charli 2na]*

No comp, we paint a darker picture, in your sector  
Perfect verbal architecture, sparking lectures  
Lyrics infectious, fuck your Lexus  
If you ain't giving God your praise then it's useless  
Like when MC's try to make hits and them shits flop  
Running races like they was Penelope Pitstop  
Develop these hits rock bottem, the disk jock got 'em  
Souped up, but his rhyme is beating his loops up

*[Jurassic 5]*

Like dah dah (dah dah)  
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)  
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah

*[Marc 7even]*

I can see clearly now, top of the pile with my style  
Check the profile, it shifts like sundial  
Crisp like young smiles, we rip and run wild  
Intent to rock crowds, some bite like rottwilda

*[Aki]*

Your game is disconnected, misdirected  
Disrespected, when we come in, expect some next shit  
The J-U-R-A, classical forte  
Get low down & dirty like the eel moray

*[Zaakir]*

My heart pump the rhythm of the militant street life  
Soldier of composure up under the street light  
The coat style, prototype, professional  
Media light shine bright, now kill all the  
Bullshit, cheap talk and lip service  
Jealousy and envy and undertone cursed in your verses  
Serve the purpose of a nigga living nervous  
Unsure and uncertain but about to short circuit

*[Jurassic 5]*

Like dah dah (dah dah)  
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)  
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

*[Marc 7even]*

Ayo my gift of gab should be sold in bags  
Boost up the price tag, make a wack rapper mad  
Rely on my right side, securing our tape tight  
Tasty tangibles to your mandible and clavicle

*[Charli 2na]*

Yo, easily 2na be, cleverly swelling my treasury

Vocal pedigree for you critics who try to measure me  
But easily I'm about to run you down my resume  
Had a bundle of struggle from birth to my present day

*[Akil]*

Yo, your love don't compute, perhaps you need a boost  
A magical flute, some nose candy to toot  
Before you get loose, express and tear the roof  
You claim you got the juice, but you lame and out the loop

*[Zaakir]*

So I associated myself with fossilized figures  
Crack the summer sizzler, hit the real live niggas  
My influence is gunshots and trauma units  
Street trends, with material word friends

*[Jurassic 5]*

Like dah dah (dah dah)  
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)  
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Great Expectations"

*[Akil]*

Uh, no doubt, it took ten years, for me to pressure cook my fears  
    No my front line rhymes moving up from the rear  
    My dream slash career appeared ever so clear  
    Now I'm able to touch, smell, feel, speak, and hear  
        My fans cheer, my time is finally here  
    The past depart the present cause the future is near  
        Anticipation, magnified my motivation  
        Direct my energy to touch nations  
    Been entertaining since niggas was really banging  
        Dancning at the old folks parties, pancaking  
        I've been waiting for my time to shine  
        From Catholic school John Muir Jr. High  
        From Manuasa to rocking at the Good Life  
    We paid the price to keep rhyming and rip shit on the mic  
        Yo, cause if you only knew what we been through  
        The struggle and the pain to maintain and continue

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations  
    We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations  
    And treble and bass the situation with dedication

*[Charli 2na]*

Yo, go get your ticket, your seats snacks and beverages  
While we get wicked all in your brain cracks and crevaces  
    Servicing bulletins to you critical puritans  
Who be shouting in my vicinity doubting my capability  
    (Expect) no defeat, my whole fleet be scorching  
    Keep across your vision blurred from heat distortion  
        The proportions better than precaution  
While we shake the portion fakes are lost in, never flossing  
(The antidote for your mood) We sloppy dope and I'm hoping  
    What I wrote get you open like a Fallopian tube  
    In my crew we include brothers who worthy  
    Rebels indeed, J's from LA, I'm from Shahee  
Plus never vexed, flipping for Allah cause he blessed us  
    With the talent, to make Jurassic your next guest  
        Rocking since the '84 Fresh Fest, yes

Great expectations, on our committee Unified relations

    We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations  
    And treble and bass the situation with dedication *[Repeat 2x]*

*[Marc 7even]*

Ayo my story starts in the NJ state  
And gets deep like a movie Bruce and Demi make  
I moved to the land of sand and ill earthquakes  
I didn't know this was the place I'd get my piece of the cake  
Or the piece of the pie, U-N-I-T-Y  
Every Thursday night at the Life we kept it tight  
That's right, that's where we dwelled and the rhythm rebelled  
We a blast from the past like the shotgun shells  
No a mocho males with raps about a beer  
(Our mission is to persevere) So haters play the rear  
We toured the stratesphere from London to the Square  
You swear you're prepared to diss what we have here  
Indeed time ticks as rapid rhymes rip  
Earth and time split in time to find it's  
Just another manic Monday, and one day  
We'll shine, too, so my crew say

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations  
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations  
And treble and bass the situation with dedication

*[Zaakir]*

Yo, whether you love to hate it, if it's in or outdated  
If I've been overrated or maybe your most favorite  
You expect me still to write my verse on time  
And I expect you not to front when you hear my rhyme  
Don't expect me to smile cause it's in good taste  
I know cats that's no mistake smiling in my face  
And don't expect to try and guess if I'm mad or not  
Or if I'm cold or hot, you would know if not  
And don't expect me to come and just bite my tongue  
It's kind of hard to forget what some brothers have done  
But my mother always said you can forgive and forget  
And expect that most promises won't be kept  
I guess I gave credit where it wasn't deserved  
To brothers must have preferred to not keep their word  
The bigger the burden, the bigger the uncertain  
No expectation for my creation, great expectation

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Quality Control Intro"

Expectation

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Quality Control"

### *[Jurrasic 5 Together]*

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul  
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old  
Many styles we hold, let the story be told  
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control  
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll  
We be the Lik like E, Tash, and J-Ro  
We harass niggas like we was the po-po  
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow  
Finesse, from SP to Casio  
Your jams ain't def, you ain't fresh, you're so-so  
If you don't know us by now you'll never know  
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show  
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow  
You can't out take Jurassic syllable  
Cause it's survival of professional radio  
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen  
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders

### *[Zaakir]*

(Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce?) Oh, am I  
Zaakir's the name, the A.K.A. super  
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler  
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on  
Now they be the lovers of brothers that can't front on  
Put me in the mix, LP 12-inch  
SP, the elegant, poetic pestulence  
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated  
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated  
For connecting it (Word!) Like verb subject to the predicate  
Plus I got the etiquette  
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done  
Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one

### *[Mark 7even]*

We keep it beaming like a beacon, if it's clearance that you're seeking  
Whether black or Puerto Rican, people back us when we're speaking  
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend  
(To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing)  
Our temperature is freezing all kind of different regions  
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done

Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces  
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season

*[Jurrasic 5 Together]*

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul  
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

*[Charlie 2na]*

Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man-relic clan repellent  
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets  
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits  
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics  
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day  
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display  
J5 finds a way to remain supreme  
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem

*[Akil]*

Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words  
Communicate from the Earth throughout the universe  
I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics  
Deeply rooted in your spirit  
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs  
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award  
No folklore or myths in my penmanship  
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh  
Verbally decapitating those against a  
Jihad-fee-sabeel-illah words make sense  
You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab  
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs

*[Akil]*

Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes  
Planning knives ever pair that I utilize  
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth  
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 attributes

*[Charlie 2na]*

You baby MC's drink Pedialyte  
While underground doesn't like you, the media might  
But we the elite will change that  
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug back

*[Mark 7even]*

Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a raw rap  
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack  
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya

We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya

*[Zaakir]*

Ayo, my rhythm reveal rollercoaster real deal

Revolutionize with active build

I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills

For the starving MC, hungry trying to get a meal

*[Jurrasic 5 Together]*

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol

Your mind, body, and soul

For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode

Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Contact"

Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band  
Moving South  
Carried here over 500,000 years ago  
Contact  
A planet  
Yeah  
I'm in range  
Okay, engine stop  
I'm going to step off the LEM now  
Interplanetary contact with Earth  
Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band  
500,000 years ago  
Moving South  
To the Los Angeles underground  
Stop  
Send the word  
Rapping with the gods  
Word  
Full contact  
Interplanetary contact with Earth  
Move forward  
To the future  
The year 1999  
The place: Los Angeles  
Los Angeles is what's happening  
Los Angeles is what's happening

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Lausd"

## *[Jurassic 5]*

Yo, we are no superstars  
Who wanna be large and forget who we are  
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars  
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars  
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the  
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came  
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill  
For those who appreciate those with skills  
And fresh windmills, and graf that kills  
What is a DJ without the scratch to build?  
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant  
Niggas love to Freestyle but hate the Fellowship

## *[Zaakir]*

Yeah, taste the city's agenda, most of you outta town niggas  
Get caught up and turn bitter, the city of bullshitters  
Where hopes are blown, not even money for the phone  
Now tell me what's the solution, how to get back home?

## *[Charli 2na]*

Yo, don't get caught up in glamor and glitz and camera tricks  
The Land of the Dead, before you come examine your set  
Where drama collects and women use special effects  
Where amateur stunts can make a nigga damage your fronts

## *[Akil]*

Uh, the California Sunkist with a twist of limelight  
Some set trip on the Sunset Strip  
Belive the Hide Boulevard nice, the glamorous life  
Many searching for the fame but can't afford the price

## *[Marc 7even]*

She would turn you out if you wasn't prepared  
She would tell you the things you wanted to hear  
She would blur your vision when it once was clear  
This chick is full of tricks so approach with fear, cause

## *[Jurassic 5]*

Yo, we are no superstars  
Who wanna be large and forget who we are  
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars  
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars

*[Zaakir]*

You say you love LA, you say the weather is great  
Plenty sun in your face, you like the cars with bass  
You like the way we paperchase and the women that shake  
In the land of earthquakes and high crime rates  
A lot of people is fake, this is Hollywood  
We shape the minds of kids in every hood  
We make your past situation look good  
The nights filled with Shugs and I wish you would

*[Marc 7even]*

Can dance with Alvin Haley and Les Miserables  
In this century city, you can walk on the stars  
Sex, money, and murder, yeah it's all 4 to 5  
Cause fame and passerby with the name immortalized

*[Akil]*

On the avenue of stars, many names are called  
On the boulevard, known for leaving permanent scars  
Many dreams get robbed, real movie macabre  
Young heartthrobs get young heart sobs, cause

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen welcome to Hollywood, California"

*[Charli 2na]*

The city of angel's wings represents people's hopes and dreams  
And the evil that men do that live life close to kings  
And boast supreme, fancy cars, coats, and cream  
Material things provoke more folks to scheme  
Whether you paid your cost, Cali green made your call  
The smog covers the city like a table cloth  
Is it fame at fault? Entertainers labeled soft  
The place where people come to lose their train of thought

*[Zaakir]*

Despite the claims of what LA is and what it ain't  
The picture the city paints that overexaggerates  
Within the circus, if you're filling this service purpose  
Some feel it ain't worth it, the city that's got you nervous  
And make you injure, and get up out of here nigga  
Cause LA never considered for those that need baby sitters  
This is the hot bed for singles and newlyweds  
Some looking for better gigs or fiending to make it big  
It's the only place where stars are born  
And we are the only ones that can't be worn  
Out, by any place regardless of the cost  
Cause brothers with big dreams, sometimes they get lost cause

*[Jurassic 5]*

Yo, we are no superstars  
Who wanna be large and forget who we are  
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars  
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars  
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the  
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came  
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill  
For those who appreciate those with skills  
And..., and...  
What is a DJ without the *[scratching]*  
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant  
(I represent the real from the beginning to the end of it)

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "World Of Entertainment (W.O.E. Is Me)"

Well, here's a little something for my people in the house  
I'm gonna tell you what my crew is all about  
We like raw rhythm fusion, real rhyme producin'  
songs for the world's men, women and children  
Armed and equipped with much confidence  
and this is how we're gonna make our living  
Some are known for bein' biters  
non-creative and wack rhyme-writers  
Yo, they soup you up but can't rock the jam  
known to the world as a one-hit band  
Easy come, easy go, yo you had your turn  
temporary niggas touchin' up your perm  
You see a rapper is a kid that brags and acts big  
A rhymers is a nigga that can handle his biz  
Yo, A rapper is a kid that's tryin' to be the shit  
An entertainer ain't tryin' cause he already is

*[Chorus]*

Welcome to the wonderful world of entertainment  
where art imitate life and people get famous  
Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement  
where lights, camera, action is the language

*[repeat Chorus]*

We was rockin a jam the other night  
J5 was on the mic so the people was hype  
Yo, we like to rock the party with adrenalin and passion  
the crowd started screamin "Action Satisfaction"  
Numark dropped the beat and the heat from the fire  
We brought the energy and streetcar named desire

We was flippin, they was trippin, how we was old schoolin'  
needle to the groove, hands in the air movin'  
and we said to the crowd "This is the place to be,  
whether you paid a fee or you got in free"

So when you step through the door, the music gets loud  
Manuever through the crowd to get a better view now

*[Chorus]*

To be an MC, you got to be so fresh

to have style and finesse way above the rest  
With the strong delivery, vocal chemistry  
street poetry in tune with the beat  
So if you think you got the skills come take a test  
microphone check if you truly are blessed  
If you can flow like water and can comprehend  
you need longevity in this game to win  
Now if you want to be the best you got to move and motivate  
Watch the money that you make in the industry stakes

Cause some of these people ain't got no class  
and some of these folks'll make you beat they ass  
If you can believe then you can achieve  
get the loot, live the dream, be on top of the scene  
To keep the people in it, and accumulate fans  
to be dope in the studio and slam at the jams, so

*[Chorus]*

Welcome party people, while we got your attention  
There's a few things we'd like to mention  
The name is Jurassic, but they call us J5  
we rock bona fide fly rhymes fortified  
We got 2 DJs controlling the beat and  
vocal harmonies make it sound so sweet  
We're the four horsemen, with words to caution  
expressed and flipped in an orderly fashion  
With the rhymin', designin' the music on time and  
the fellas saying "ho" and the ladies losin' they mind and  
the breakin', the scratchin', this thing called rappin'  
the cultivated music that keeps your hands clappin'  
The passion, reaction, the street satisfaction  
Brothers using no tactics to make it happen  
the rhythm, the spirit, you love it when you hear it  
Nowadays when you're samplin' shit, you gotta clear it

*[Chorus 1.75X]*

*[cut after "Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement, where.."]*  
*[samples: "lights" - "camera" - "action!"]*

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Monkey Bars"

This record is particulary for then youngsters...  
Now you get right to the procedure

Now what do you like the most about this  
Conflict, Consequence, constant evidence  
A classic contact communicator confrence  
Weither 5 or 6 weither a number misprint  
Or if it seems that, you heard above 4  
If you thought that you would never hear it no more  
You should never dial commin runnin murda mile  
Cause it's all about ya health (lets go)  
(wait wait)  
Now you know us but it's not the coke rush  
Four MC's so we ain't the furious  
Like the fourth mc's or the 3 from trecherous  
It's a blast from the past from the moment we bust  
But if our shit go rough, still in god we trust  
Cause it's the - comming  
Display the rhymes so stunning  
We keep ya runnin, and give a shoutout to the london  
And keep it all, and still perform till the early morn'  
Some said till dawn  
We got a word abundance, hold benz by the hundreds  
Top speed, guarenteed, we stil runnin

People master my tere-tactics  
Why you actin plastic  
Treatin all ya fans like ya matches  
We be the other pair comin' in tight the tupper wear  
Other fear, push ya luck and beware the brigadier

Yo, DJs be spinnin the records that make up the music  
So people can focus whenever the mic has been passed to me

The more drums we have in our kit, the more we can handle  
We gonna take a break here..

Lets go. wait wait still

Jump a bill A-K-I-L known to exhale when i inhale  
And you can tell when in the coo i do my duty-o  
And swung to the studio  
J-5 let the beat bounce

Thats what counts without a doubt  
so sup grab the mic and pull the magic out ya mouth  
We be the rythem kings, plus the rhyme channelings  
(I could sneer anything) Go ahead

*Sneer [repeated 21 times]*

Light emcee kay mastered fatness so we crack this  
Runnin through wall and wack this  
Yo, 2 emcees add a little um, spice  
So we concentrate on mic's and keep the path tight  
3 emcees underground and worldwide  
Surgean general on the 5 to defy the certified  
4 emcees at ya door once more  
When it rains in pours from the heavens to the earths floor  
Elements, vocal instruments super extra strength  
Hip-hop activist  
Throw yo mind no time and inner twine  
Roll with the rhymes ta let the sun rise  
You should know, when we flow, you get what ya lookin for  
Terrorize ya enterprise  
And we dont shoot until we see the whites in ya eyes

Non-stop, real rhyme rockin  
Disc jockeys out record shoppin'  
Writers doin graphs so bring ya pop lockin'  
We incorporate the whole of hip hoppin', non-stop

Non-stop, we keep it up to par  
from the metal monkey bars to conquer school yards  
It's like bein arabic, comin from right to left  
It's hot to def so take a breath and (wait wait)

*[Applause + Laughter]*

Ya. Get the fuck, this fo entertainment  
This made to stoppin the day  
Pop pop pop...

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Jurass Finish First"

*[Charli 2na]*

Yo, because of cash in the purse, guns blast in the hearse  
A vast universe when the last is the first  
The past been a curse, I need some aspirin to nurse  
It's your casket in earth, or my ass when it hurts  
A passionate burst of some last-minute work  
First the human bodies are living last in this Earth  
Puffing grass when it works, a bastard at birth  
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first  
(Stashed in this verse) Burning like gas on a torch  
(Graspin' a thought) Some don't see past their front porch  
(Masked in a smirk) No doubt my class been alert  
Verbal splash for your thirst, 5 Jurass finish first

*[Marc 7even]*

Yo, because of crooks in the game no one's acting the same  
Not mentioning no names, merely passing the blame  
Your ass been in flames since the cash went ka-chang  
Now you can't stand the rain when my crew bring the pain  
You a masculine myth who I constantly diss  
As I bond with the Fish, understand we the 5th  
Platoon, hit the dirt, wish you well, wish you worse  
Your ass been cursed, 5 Jurass finish first

Bringing it back from the lost, we have to report  
The trash on the chart make you have to resort  
To leave the record store instead of quenching your thirst  
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first

*[Charli 2na]*

Yo, because of passing the course wife asking divorce  
Taking half of your cash, now you bask in remorse  
Turning rap into sport, I've mastered the part  
Cause the trash on the chart leave you gaspin for art  
Now if you've mastered the art, I'm askin with force  
To mass of your thoughts, to your ass is a corpse  
Cover grass in a burst, unfasten your purse  
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

*[Marc 7even]*

Yeah, cause of tricks of the trade, some are virtual slaves  
A smirk will get raised once the pen hits the page  
While your thoughts of the stage and perhaps getting paid

Relax in the shade, time passing in days  
I'm searching for ways to avoid the charade  
Cause when voices are laid, choices are made  
Be not afraid, people plastic on Earth  
Verbal blast bout to burst, 5 Jurass finish first

5 Jurass finish first [Repeat 2x]

*[Charlie 2na]*

Yo, because of passing the torch, puffing pipes with a bouche  
You a hype living loose with your life in the noose  
You invite many fools when you ligt chemicals  
Night of the living ooze, your ego makes many bruise

*[Marc 7even]*

You need to watch what you choose, what you give is what you get  
Some are lacking intellect in their quest for a check  
Is it love or respect, does the subject get you vexed?  
Only 4 bars to wreck, the situation is complex

*[Charlie 2na]*

Yo, you in constant pursuit to be the last in the house  
(Where's your wallet?) With the wife, deep stashed in her blouse

*[Mark 7even]*

Like "Without a Doubt" you can catch me on the B-side  
Cause the one who wins the war...

*[Charlie 2na]*

...is the one without pride  
J5 make you feel a lickle gaseous at first  
*[Martin Lawrence]* And yes I make you ask "Is that Lurch?"  
Either try this or lyrical madness that works  
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Contribution"

*[chorus]*

yo, either you a part of the problem  
or part of the solution  
what's your contribution to life  
so many people complain, always talk about change yo  
but what's your contribution to life  
either you with or ain't with it, if it ain't broke don't fix it  
yo what's your contribution to life  
either you give or you take, make moves and you wait yo  
but what's your contribution to life

(your about to witness three of the most common  
tales of man, woman and human, the difference between the three  
is that there is not difference, just other outcomes  
listen and witness the common tales)

aye yo my momma and a nigga for life  
love carousel, cuss yell and fight  
seven nights a week, no respect when they speak  
disrespect between the sheets, the ends don't meet  
no rice beans or meat  
my momma was the bread winner plus  
she had to cook his dinner  
my daddy was a full time sinner  
poppa was a stoner stay gone till November  
off of that, gawk that made Emacs  
like the devil done took his soul and ain't given it back  
remember that, when you play for the bless  
speedy victory for the poor and the press  
I cant stand the stress, its test and time press  
up against my momma and daddy chest, I try and rest  
with no stretch of the mind, I cant find no piece  
of mind within this family of mine, yo

*[marc 7even]*

she got chips and you don't, that's bottom line  
that's just the way love goes, (hmmm) lets rewind  
you really ain't paid, you clockin minimum wage  
now basically you a slave, your wife studies for days  
no money for much, just movies and such  
the way your two hands clutch, you know its love not lust  
now she's sick of the bus, and using you as a crutch  
and on top of this stuff, she graduates in a month

damn, her new job got her clocking the dough  
now she's buying new clothes, and taken you to the show  
you feeling like you the ho, not knowing which way to go  
and ultimately you know, you ain't feeling her so  
you need to get up, get out and get something  
your job ain't nothing, all these years you've just been frontin  
thats the way she played ya, the talked in rager went back  
to your days of...*[chali 2na voices over marc 7even]*

*[chali 2na]*

she always said I'm out husslin for food, kitchen indeed  
while this nigga spend his ends on booze, bitches and weed  
I thought that we'd agree, with two kids to feed  
that you would slow your own, but instead of switchin your seed  
you slapped me, you cant attack me thinkin I'm be happy  
in fact its a packing and we rapidly  
after we witness, no love between parents  
the father type that was once on the sence vanished  
supreme bamish the couples that match these  
producin generations of kids with latched keys  
her daughter learned from momma  
how to reject men, her sons attracts women  
that don't respect men, and then  
one parental provided can be the plan  
but no woman can truly teach a boy to be a man  
that's why I'm always telling these many pals of mine  
the most that you can spend on any child is time

(look we don't have all the answers, we're victims also  
to the same situations, but man, plans and the lord plans  
and the lord is the best of planners,  
so what's your contribution to life)

*[chorus]*

what's your contribution to life

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Twelve"

One, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for

### *[Akil]*

Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central  
Ghetto hip-hop, nonstop fundamental  
Urban curb servin', vocabulary surging  
Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon  
I keep it working for certain, close curtains  
Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispersing  
That body rock moving, ghetto baby music  
We eat together with the inner city coolness

### *[Chali 2na]*

Yo (Who's this?) Slicing a rhyme in square bits  
Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits  
It's 2na Fish, I'm bringing the bad news  
And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules  
Oooh, pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles  
When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl  
Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles  
Correcting all them bumbaclot specials

### *[Zaakir]*

Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend  
And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in  
Questions, is he stepping authentic?  
Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant  
Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments  
Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed  
Whether last or first, or bottom or top  
Now is it "Stop hip-hop" or "Hip-hop don't stop?"

### *[Marc 7even]*

You need to protect your neck  
You the kind of brother who be chasing checks

Me and my crew crash through and get nuff respect  
Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker  
Break and MC down, like my name was Dr. Shriner  
Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's  
On-the-brink MC's, you need to think MC's  
Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's  
Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's

Yo, it goes one, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for

*[Zaakir]*  
I razor sharp with mindset, sunset til sun  
And I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young  
Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred  
Now my connectionw with the word is preferred  
Primo, my AC, 310  
The first confidential, inscribed my initial  
The Z double A K-I and R  
Submerge in submarine words near and far  
Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze  
And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me

*[Akil]*  
Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease  
Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's  
They on their Q's and P's withing my vicinity  
Department of Correctional Rhyme Ability  
Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk  
Still shock, rhyme around the clock

*[Marc 7even]*  
You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck

*[Akil]*  
Ayo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin  
High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton  
The champion, fly shit, the anthem  
5'11" with dark skin and tantrum  
Handsome never, not even as a kid  
The girls used to say "Oh his nose is too big"

*[Chali 2na]*

Yo, you'll get bruised, kid, ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit  
The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood  
I'm shrinking you rap characters into die-cast minitures  
I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes harass senators  
Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws  
Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar  
The combat that's making your mom mad  
I'm feeling a congrat for burning his mom bad

One, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for, ahhh

One, two, Jurassic Crew  
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "The Game"

All right, everybody shut up  
I said shut up!  
Now are you ready to play the game?  
NO!  
Are you ready to play the game?  
YEAH!

The Game  
Playing to survive  
Aiming to win anyway they can

Yo, yo  
Pass the ball, final casting call  
First of all, verbal basketball  
Off the glass, smash your jaw  
Too fast for y'all  
You might take a nasty fall  
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger  
(Foul Ball)  
All breath, no physical contact  
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps  
Not no hustler no player or speakin no crime crap  
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse

Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest  
Runnin' cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto  
No fouls just checks, make a brother sweat  
Word for y'all to earn my reject  
Get it out of here, attack from the rear  
Ya'll niggas aint nothin but some bitch ass queers  
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear  
Rippin with the shears as the crowd just cheers

Bring on the opposition  
Cause my position is to shut you down  
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor  
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way  
Dominating like Doc J.  
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it  
It's real vivid, I pivot, through the lane  
Three hundred and sixty behind my back  
I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack

I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended  
Stickin your best shooters they lower verbal percentage  
It's takin its toll, 24-second clock control  
Stoppin this obstacle, impossible  
I was the number one block project in the city prospect,  
Now that's something that you can believe  
So be it, whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't miss  
Prime time the offense, switch

Y'all can't ball, Y'all can't ball  
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man, make the call  
The game is gettin tight verbal victories in sight  
What counts is what you write not concerned about the hype  
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin to take mine?  
Last man tried just died inside the paint line  
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex  
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left  
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex

I put my foot in the pavement  
With the brothers I'm raised with  
Play with and break dance back in the days with  
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists  
Get up in the game, in your face like swish  
Crash the boards with metaphors  
In the air like a concord  
Aiyyo what you out for?  
Yo I'm out for the whole score  
22 flat seconds for me to win  
I can't win for losin with this cheatin ass ref

*[Clip from Laker game]*

My squad's supreme  
So I don't need Clyde or the dream  
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team  
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court  
But my mental cohorts is bout to change the whole sport  
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills  
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill  
Take off from half court, in some J5 shorts  
The rap band with the man when my words play sports  
Comin' through your lane, with pure skills so stand clear  
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here  
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier  
Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier

Show me the rock, so I can show these fool what I got  
(He's heating up) Fuck that, I'm flaming hot

Verbally take you to the blacktop, and wreck shop

Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock

1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21

It really don't matter cause son you'll still get done

Yo you should know better than try to barter with this globetrotter

Militious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter

And it's the high draft pick, flashin it

Still can penetrate and slightly overweight

But whatever it takes my shot can elevate

No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Concrete and Clay"

Now I'mma say this once again open up your mind  
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes  
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment  
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same  
Now if you like what we came with  
And you feel you can sang wit it  
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it  
Now entertainment to make the people applaud  
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight  
L.A. Unified School M A H  
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break  
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na  
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler  
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola  
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament  
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party  
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly  
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty  
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind  
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes  
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars  
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Hook: repeat 2X]  
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MC's  
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks  
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk  
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk  
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch  
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch  
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas  
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease

Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees  
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure  
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer  
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors  
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date  
We brought it back alive and changed the shape  
We put it on wax for those who think that  
The 5 we energize has been extinct

[Hook]

So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MC's  
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks  
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms  
And battles in the back of the classroom  
And in the bungalows game of death with flows  
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right  
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester  
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86  
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle [huh!] we remain humble  
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble  
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble  
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona  
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas  
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas  
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna  
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

[Hook]

So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MC's  
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks  
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

# Jurassic 5 Lyrics

## "Swing Set"

So Hot! So.. Hot!

This is the sound of the 30's!

1..2..1, 2, 3, 4.

Gather round all you ruggytutters, 'cause we're going to show you what Swing is all about!

Oh yeah?

Yeah!

Yeah?

Yeah!

These great sounds should not be left to gather dust. You might dig out that old 78.

Doodeedoot n' doodeetdoot n' doodeedoot n' ah ha ha ha!

Hi Ex-Swinger, don't be a wimpy, go way out!

Do you wanna dance?!

Yeah!

Swing.

All hands on deck!

Love that! Yeah! Oooh!

Ok everybody on the swings.

Ahhhh-- Ooh!

The sound of the Swing era.. kind of scratchy after all these years. If only it sounded like this...

*[Bebopin' & Scattin']*

What you probably remember was more like this..

Ooh ooh ooh ooh.. Bada da da daaaaa!

So Hot!

..Aaand will fill me up!

Woooh yeah! Swing time in the ol' corral.